

S.
L'Amour A-la-Mode:

H. OR,

LOVE A-LA-MODE.

A

F A R C E

IN

THREE ACTS.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN WILLIAMS, in Fleet-Street,
MDCCLX.

[Price One Shilling.]

L'Amour A-la-Mode:

LOVE A-LA-MODE.

F A R C E



THE F A C T S



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. W. TAYLOR and F. G. GILES.

MDCCLXX.

[Price One Shilling]

P R O L O G U E.

SO fam'd for comic Authors is our Age,
He's bold, that brings a Piece upon the Stage.
Lord! what Profusion of true attic Wit,
Is now requir'd to please the critic Pit;
If Poets swerve but from a single Rule,
They damn the Piece, and cry the Man's a Fool:
That Court with Rigour judges ev'ry Bard,
And then to please the Boxes is as hard.
The Cit, who for his Place two Shillings pays,
Is still as ready full to blast our Boys;
But should we please the Rest, alas! tis odds—
We never shall find Favour with the Gods;
Their Thunders oft are darted from on high,
And sometimes threaten the poor Player's Eye:
We find it, be our Play or good or bad,
Hard to Pit, Box, and Gallery, egad.
With such Success some favourite Bards have writ,
They scarce have left the Rest one Grain of Wit;
'Tis almost grown impossible to glean
And gather Matter for a single Scene.
To these great Genius's our Author bows,
Respects the Laurels that adorn their Brows;
But hopes your Favour, since 'tis all his Aim
To imitate, not rival them, in Fame.

P R O L O G U E

2
He's bold, that brings a Piece upon the Stage.
Lord! what Profusion of true native Wit,
Is now requir'd to please the critic Pit;
If Poets flourish but from a single Rule,
They damn the Piece, and cry the Man's a Fool:

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir WILLIAM FAINLOVE.

Sir ARTHUR HARDY.

SHIRTWELL, Valet to Sir WILLIAM.

SPEED, Valet to Sir ARTHUR.

W O M E N.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lady MANNERS.


PHILLIS.

Love A-La-Mode.

A C T I.

SCENE I. Phillis, Sir William, and Speed.

PHILLIS.

ORD, Sir *William*, your Indifference surprizes me; if you don't take great Care you will certainly lose my Mistress. I may be mistaken, but I'm afraid you'll find it too true.

Sir WILLIAM.

I am as much afraid as you, *Phillis*; but how is it possible for me to prevent the Misfortune which threatens me?

SPEED.

So the bad News is confirm'd, Mrs. *Phillis*.

PHILLIS.

Confirm'd! ay, I can answer for that: Sir *Arthur* never stirs from her a Moment; he diverts her, he flatters her, he speaks to her in whispers, she smiles; and he may win her Heart at last if he has not won it already. This, Sir *William*, gives me great Uneasiness, as I have a

B

particular

particular Esteem for you. Besides, Sir *William*, you know 'tis to be a Match between *Speed* and I, and if you should not marry my Mistress we'll be in a terrible Quandary.

S P E E D.

Mrs. *Phillis*, there you're right, 'twould be a great Concern to me if my Master and I should be forced to keep different Houses; he is so worthy a Gentleman that I'm uneasy whenever I'm obliged to quit him, if 'tis but to go a Street's length.

P H I L L I S.

But what puts me quite to a Nonplus is, that I see my Lady shuns me.

S P E E D.

A very bad Sign indeed, Mrs. *Phillis*; and what does that impudent Rogue *Shiftwell* say?

P H I L L I S.

He makes love to me, I assure you, but I take Care to keep the Fellow at a Distance.

Sir W I L L I A M.

I am in the utmost Despair; I shall die, I can never survive it.

S P E E D.

Lord, Sir, don't talk of dying, that would spoil all, let's rather think of some Stratagem.

P H I L L I S.

I see my Lady coming, she's alone, leave me a Moment, Sir *William*, I am resolv'd to, found her, and when I know her real Sentiments I'll give a faithful Account of them.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Phillis, I depend upon your Address and Fidelity.

S P E E D.

Mrs. *Phillis*, be sure to give that Rogue *Shiftwell* his own.

P H I L

PHILLIS.

[Exit Speed.

Oh leave that to me.

SCENE II. Enter LADY CHANGELOVE.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I was looking for you, *Phillis*; who were you speaking to? I thought I saw somebody go out.

PHILLIS.

It was Sir *William*, Madam, he has just left me.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

He's the very Man I was going to enquire about; what does he say, *Phillis*?

PHILLIS.

Why, Madam, he says he has no Reason to be satisfied with your Ladyship's Treatment of him, and I believe he's in the right, Madam, what does your Ladyship think?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

So he still loves me.

PHILLIS.

Love you, Madam, your Ladyship knows he was never inconstant; don't you love him, Madam?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lord how you talk, *Phillis*; do you think I ever loved him in sober Sadness? I esteem'd him with a Preference, and to esteem a Man with a Preference is not loving him; it may perhaps lead to Love, but it is by no means Love, downright Love, *Phillis*.

PHILLIS.

And yet I have heard your Ladyship say, that he was the finest Gentleman in the World.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

That may be.

4 LOVE A-LA-MODE.

PHILLIS.

I have seen you impatient for his coming.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

That's because I am naturally of an impatient Temper.

PHILLIS.

I have known you express great Uneasiness at his not coming.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

All that's very true, I told you already, and I tell you again that I distinguish'd him; but I had no Sort of Engagement with him, and as I know he talks with you sometimes, and that you think I love him, I came to desire you to exert your Address, in Order to make him quit me, without giving himself any unnecessary Trouble.

PHILLIS.

And your Ladyship does all this in Favour of Sir *Arthur*, who has no Merit but a little Levity, and some unmeaning Sallies that divert you. Lord, how inconstant your Ladyship is! how can you be false! all the World will reproach you with it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Well, let the World call me false if it will, I am very easy about that. Let People upbraid me as much as they please with Inconstancy and Falsehood, such Words are only Scarecrows to terrify weak Minds, and have obtain'd in the World only because People never took the Trouble to enquire into their Meaning.

PHILLIS.

Lord, Madam, what Doctrine is this? why this is professing a perfect Libertine: O Lord, is it nothing to break an Engagement, to be false and inconstant?

Lady

LOVE A-LA-MODE.

5

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lord, *Phillis*, what an Idiot you are! I tell you that in Love-Affairs, the Heart that makes a thousand deceitful Vows does its Duty; and when it breaks a thousand Vows, it does its Duty again. It is actuated by a natural Instinct, and could not possibly have other Sentiments. What a strange Lecture have you made? Inconstancy is so far from being a Crime, that when a Woman finds herself dispos'd to change, she should do it without hesitating a Moment, for otherwise she would be obliged to impose upon her Lover by a counterfeit Passion.

PHILLIS.

Your Ladyship reasons so well upon the Subject, that I really begin to think you are in the right; I almost think Inconstancy may be a Duty.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Almost think! you should be convinc'd of it, *Phillis*. Nothing is more certain than that Inconstancy is as essential to Love-Affairs as to every Thing else, without it we should never enjoy the Pleasures of Novelty.

PHILLIS.

I am so well satisfied with your Ladyship's Reasonings, that I begin to deliberate whether I shall not be oblig'd to be guilty of a Breach of Faith myself.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Sir *William* is a strange sort of a Man to think, that because he loves me I must look at Nobody but himself: Must Nobody else be allow'd to see that I am beautiful and young? Must I be a Centenarian in the Eyes of every Man besides? Must I bury all my Charms and confine myself to a sad Sterility of Pleasure?

PHIL-

6 LOVE A-LA-MODE.

PHILLIS.

No doubt, Madam, this is what he aims at.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Thus these Gentlemen would have us live; if we were to be ruled by them we should persuade ourselves that there is but one Man in the Universe; all the rest should be dead to us, and we should be dead to them; and though our natural Vanity does not find its Account in this, they never trouble their Heads about that. They think it sufficient for our Pride to have a single Captif, we should take up with one and have Patience. What an Abuse is this. Go, go, *Phillis*, no more of your Scruples, talk to Sir *William*, and let him know my Sentiments; when the Men have a Mind to forsake us, they do it without Ceremony. Does not every Day give us glaring Proofs of their Constancy? Should they be more priviledg'd in this Respect than we? You jest when you talk so much of Sir *Arthur*, he loves me but I don't like him; I shall do no Sort of Violence to my Inclinations.

PHILLIS.

Very well, Madam, now that I have receiv'd your Ladyship's Instructions, I'll leave forsaken Lovers to lament their Misfortunes alone, I am perfectly cured of my Compassion for them.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

'Tis not but that I esteem Sir *William*, but what we esteem often grows tiresome. Here he comes, I'll avoid the Complaints that I know he is preparing for me; avail yourself of this Opportunity to deliver me from his troublesome Addresses.

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Sir WILLIAM, Lady CHANGELOVE, PHILLIS,
and SPEED.*

[Sir William stopping Lady Changelove.]

What, Madam, do you fly me?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! *Sir William*, is it you? I did not avoid you, I was just going.

Sir WILLIAM.

I intreat you, Madam, to give me one Moment's Audience.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

It must then be but an Instant, for I expect Company.

Sir WILLIAM.

If any comes, you will be inform'd, in the mean Time give me Leave to talk of my Passion.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Is that all? Lord, *Sir William*, I have your Passion by rote; pray what would your Passion be at?

Sir WILLIAM.

Alas! Madam, from the Manner in which you hear me, I see very plainly that my coming is disagreeable to you.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I deal plainly, your Prelude is not very promising.

Sir WILLIAM.

How unhappy am I! I have lost your Heart, you reduce me to Despair.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Sir William, When will you lay aside that whining Tone, and that dismal Air?

Sir WILLIAM.

Must I still love you, notwithstanding the cruel Answers which you make me?

Lady

Lady CHANGELOVE.

With what an Air you pronounce that? Sir *William*, you would have made an admirable Hero of a Romance.

Sir WILLIAM.

What Ingratitude is this!

Lady CHANGELOVE.

You'll find this Stile will hardly reclaim me.

[Speed sighs.

Your Melancholy, Sir *William*, is so contagious that it has infected even your Footman. I hear him groan.

SPEED.

Indeed your Lady I can't but condole with my Master's Misfortune.

Sir WILLIAM.

Nothing but the Greatness of my Respect could prevent me from expressing the utmost Indignation.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

And what may be the Occasion of this Anger, Sir *William*? Pray what do you complain of? is it of your Passion for me? I am not accountable for this, 'tis not a Crime to appear amiable to you; or is it of the Passion which you would have me inspired with, and which I do not feel? I am not blameable in this either; if Love did not come of itself you might wish it should, but to come and reproach me for not loving you, is by no Means reasonable. The Sentiments of your Heart should not prescribe a Law to mine. Consider the Thing well; you look upon a Return of Love as a Debt, but 'tis by no Means such. You may sigh, Sir *William*, as much as you please. I have no Right to hinder you, but don't insist upon my sighing in my Turn. Consider that your Sighs don't oblige me to accompany them with

LOVE A-LA-MODE 9

with mine, nor even to take Pleasure in them. I formerly could endure them, but I must tell you that they are beginning to grow tiresome, so regulate your Conduct accordingly. *Sir William*, your Servant.

Sir WILLIAM.

One Word more, Madam. You have then ceas'd to love me.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Ha, ha, ha. That's pleasant. I really don't remember that I ever did love you.

Sir WILLIAM.

Indeed then I promise you that I will forget that you ever did.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

If you do you will forget but a Dream.

SCENE IV.

Sir WILLIAM, SPEED, and PHILLIS.

Sir WILLIAM.

Perfidious Woman! Stay, *Phillis*.

SPEED.

The Lady's Example, I must own, is very edifying.

Sir WILLIAM.

Phillis, you have spoke of me to your Mistress; I know her Sentiments but too well; but no Matter, what did she say to you in private?

PHILLIS.

I have not Time to inform you, Sir, my Lady expects Company, and perhaps she may want me.

SPEED.

Mind her Answer, Sir.

Sir WILLIAM.

What, *Phillis*, do you abandon me too?

C

SPEED.

SPEED.

What, Mrs. *Phillis*, are you a Jilt too?

Sir WILLIAM.

Speak, what Reason does she give?

PHILLIS.

Oh, very strong ones, Sir, I must own; Fidelity, it seems, is no Virtue, and 'tis better to be without it. Beauty, at this Rate, is of no Worth; a Woman must have Eyes but for one Man, and all others must be dead to her. This is burying one's self alive,—this is burying one's self alive. Vanity does not find its Account in it; one might as well be a Centinarian. 'Tis not but her Ladyship esteems you; but what one esteems sometimes grows tiresome.

Sir WILLIAM.

What strange Discourse this is!

SPEED.

These Words bode us no Good.

Sir WILLIAM.

Explain yourself, *Phillis*.

PHILLIS.

What, don't you understand me? why then, Sir *William*, my Lady esteems you with a Preference.

Sir WILLIAM.

Do you mean that I am belov'd?

PHILLIS.

By no Means; that may conduct to Love, but it is not Love.

Sir WILLIAM.

I can make nothing of all this: Does your Lady love Sir *Arthur*?

PHILLIS.

He is a very agreeable Man.

Sir

LOVE A-LA-MODE. 11

Sir WILLIAM.

And what does your Lady say of me?

PHILLIS.

That you are a very agreeable Man too: Do you understand me now?

Sir WILLIAM.

I am distracted.

SPEED.

And pray, Mrs. *Phillis*, how do I stand in your Favours?

PHILLIS.

I esteem you with a Preference.

SPEED.

What must you give yourself these airs too, Mrs. *Phillis*?

SCENE V.

Sir WILLIAM, SPEED, and Lady MANNERS.

SPEED.

We have got both of us odd Sort of Mistresses; is not it so, Master?

Sir WILLIAM.

I am almost in Despair.

SPEED.

I believe I shall hang myself.

[*Lady Manners entering.*

You seem to be under great Concern, Sir *William*.

Sir WILLIAM.

Alas! Madam, I am betray'd, abandon'd, esteem'd with a Preference.

Lady MANNERS.

I suppose, Sir *William*, that you have Lady *Changelove* in View.

Sir WILLIAM.

Your Ladyship is in the right.

Lady MANNERS.

I should be glad to have a little private Conversation with you, Sir *William*.

Sir WILLIAM.

With all my Heart, I even wanted to talk with you upon what has just happen'd.

Lady MANNERS.

Order your Servant to wait at a Distance, that he may apprize us, if any one should come.

Sir WILLIAM.

Speed, go and take Care to give us Notice if any one should come this Way.

SPEED.

Lord help us! we are all at our Wit's End, for Sir *Arthur*, Madam, it seems, is no better than Lady *Changelove* and Mrs. *Phillis*, and so our three Hearts are out of Place.

Sir WILLIAM.

Go, Sirrah, leave us.

[*Exit Speed*.]

SCENE VI.

Sir WILLIAM and Lady MANNERS.

Lady MANNERS.

It seems, Sir *William*, we are both forsaken.

Sir WILLIAM.

Alas! Madam, you see we are.

Lady MANNERS.

Can you think of no Expedient upon this Occasion?

Sir WILLIAM.

No; I don't see that we have any Hopes, we are utterly abandon'd. How ill we placed our Affections, Madam! why was not I your Lover?

Lady MANNERS.

Well, Sir *William*, you may be so still.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

Alas! I wish it was possible.

Lady MANNERS.

The Answer is not very obliging, but I might expect it from you in your present Circumstances.

Sir WILLIAM.

Ah! Madam, I ask your Pardon; but I really don't know what I'm saying, I'm Distracted.

Lady MANNERS.

Don't make any Apology, 'tis what I expected.

Sir WILLIAM.

Madam, you deserve all my Affection, I can't but see it, and I have often regretted that I was not sufficiently sensible to your Charms.

Lady MANNERS.

The longer you strive to pay me Compliments, the more you will mortify my Pride.

Sir WILLIAM.

And yet, Madam, I can have Recourse to nobody but you; I must love you to punish the perfidious Lady *Changelove*.

Lady MANNERS.

No, Sir *William*, I know a Method of Revenge in which we will both find our Accounts much more. I have a Mind to punish Lady *Changelove*, but it shall be in such a Manner as to restore you her Affections.

Sir WILLIAM.

How, Madam; do you think I have any Hopes of recovering the Heart of Lady *Changelove*.

Lady MANNERS.

I'll answer for it you shall recover her Affections, and that she will Love you more than ever.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

Can I possibly hope for so great a Happiness?

Lady MANNERS.

Yes, yes, you may, and that without the Trouble of loving me.

Sir WILLIAM.

Well, I'll be directed by you.

Lady MANNERS.

Hold, I dispence with your having a Passion for me, but 'tis upon Condition that you Counterfeit one.

Sir WILLIAM.

Oh! with all my Heart, I consent to all the Conditions you shall think proper to propose.

Lady MANNERS.

Had she a sincere Affection for you?

Sir WILLIAM.

So I thought.

Lady MANNERS.

Was she convinc'd that you had an equal Passion for her?

Sir WILLIAM.

I tell you I adore her, and she is sensible of it.

Lady MANNERS.

So much the better.

Sir WILLIAM.

But with Regard to Sir *Arthur*, who has quitted you for her, what shall we do with him? shall we leave him Time to win the Heart of Lady *Changelove*?

Lady MANNERS.

If Lady *Changelove* thinks she loves him she is mistaken, she only wanted to win him from me: if she thinks that she loves you no longer,
she

she is out there too; she neglects you thro' meer coquettry.

Sir WILLIAM.

That may very probably be the Case.

Lady MANNERS.

I am perfectly acquainted with my own Sex; leave all to me. But I see somebody coming, we shan't have Time to digest our Scheme. But be sure to remember that you are to counterfeit Love to me, and that in such a Manner as to appear in earnest. Here comes your Rival, endeavour to appear indifferent to him. I have not Time to say more.

Sir WILLIAM.

You may depend upon me, I'll play my Part to Perfection. *[Exit Lady Manners.]*

SCENE VII.

Sir ARTHUR and Sir WILLIAM.

Sir ARTHUR.

Sir *William*, your're the very Man I wanted.

Sir WILLIAM.

Pray Sir *Hardy* be as expeditious as possible, for I am quite hurried about an Affair that admits of no Delay.

Sir ARTHUR.

I shan't detain you a Moment, Sir *William*, you know I am your Friend; I come to entreat you to rid me of one Scruple.

Sir WILLIAM.

A Scruple!

Sir ARTHUR.

Yes, here is the Point, 'tis said you Love Lady *Changelove*; now 'tis Doubt alone that causes my Uneasiness and the Case of Conscience;

science; I consult you upon Lies between a Yes and a No.

Sir WILLIAM.

I understand you, Sir *Arthur*, you'd fain have me love her no longer.

Sir ARTHUR.

You say right, Sir *William*, my Delicacy is picqued, and your Indifference for the Lady would be highly acceptable; you must know I love her myself.

Sir WILLIAM.

And does she hear you favourably?

Sir ARTHUR.

I don't want Favour, she only does Justice to my Merit.

Sir WILLIAM.

That's as much as to say she likes you.

Sir ARTHUR.

Since I pay my Addresses to her 'tis unnecessary to enquire farther. Pray, Sir *William*, spare my Modesty.

Sir WILLIAM.

I shan't question your Modesty, as you give such eminent Proofs of it; speak without Reserve, does she love you?

Sir ARTHUR.

I tell you she does, her Eyes have explain'd her Meaning, they solicit my Heart, they require an Answer, and I wait only for your Consent.

Sir WILLIAM.

You have it if you will give me my Revenge.

Sir ARTHUR.

And who is to be the Object of this Revenge?

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

A Lady of your Acquaintance whose Eyes solicit my Heart in like Manner.

Sir ARTHUR

What, the lovely Eyes of Lady *Manners*, solicit your Heart, I suppose.

Sir WILLIAM.

You say right.

Sir ARTHUR.

And does the Connexion you imagine I have with her, check the Progress of your Amours?

Sir WILLIAM.

Undoubtedly.

Sir ARTHUR.

I give up my Pretensions to you; you are at full Liberty to solicit her Heart in your Turn.

Sir WILLIAM.

You may depend upon it, Sir *Arthur*, I'll marry her.

Sir ARTHUR.

Marry her! marry her! you have my free Consent.

Sir WILLIAM.

And so you'll marry Lady *Changelove*.

Sir ARTHUR.

My whole Hopes of Posterity depend upon her.

Sir WILLIAM.

Then your're to be married very shortly.

Sir ARTHUR.

Perhaps To-morrow may be the last Day of our Celibacy.

Sir WILLIAM.

Farewel, I am very glad to hear it.

Sir ARTHUR

Give me your Hand; are we Friends?

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, yes, very good Friends.

Sir ARTHUR.

Our Friendship shall equal that of Pylades and Orestes; I insure you mine for an Age, and when that is over we'll renew the Lease. Farewel. Believe me the most sincere of your Friends.

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, yes, 'till to-morrow.

Sir ARTHUR.

I am your Friend for the present, the past, and the future, and you are equally mine without Doubt.

Sir WILLIAM.

I am, without Doubt. Farewel.

[Exit Sir William.]

SCENE VIII. Sir ARTHUR and SHIFTWELL.

SHIFTWELL.

I thought it was my best Way to stay 'till he was gone out, Sir.

Sir ARTHUR.

What's your Business? I am quite impatient to see Lady *Changelove*.

SHIFTWELL.

But this is Business of Importance, Sir; I spoke to Lady *Manners* according to the Instructions you gave me.

Sir ARTHUR.

Well, did you inform her that I am in Love with Lady *Changelove*? What did she say to that? be brief.

SHIFTWELL.

Why, Sir, she says you do very well to follow your Inclinations.

Sir ARTHUR.

I shall take Care to follow her Advice.

SHIFT.

SHIFTWELL.

But, Sir, you should by all Means continue your Courtship of Lady *Manners*; visit her and endeavour to keep her Love alive, otherwise you are dead, buried, and annihilated in her Memory.

Sir ARTHUR.

Ha! ha! ha!

SHIFTWELL.

You laugh at it, Sir, but give me Leave to tell you that 'tis no laughing Matter.

Sir ARTHUR.

What do I mind being annihilated in Lady *Manners's* Memory. If I die in one Memory, I hope for a Resurrection in another; don't I revive in the Memory of Lady *Changelove*?

SHIFTWELL.

Yes, Sir; but I am afraid you'll die in it one of these Days of a sudden Death. Sir *William Fainlove* died in it of a mortal Caprice.

Sir ARTHUR.

No, no, he did not die in it of Caprice, 'twas I dispatch'd him. I have dispatch'd many more in the same Manner, *Shiftwell*. Lady *Changelove* has receiv'd me into her Heart, and there she must keep me.

SHIFTWELL.

Love may sometimes encamp in her Heart, but, I believe, he never takes up his Residence there.

Sir ARTHUR.

A Passion that I raise does not quickly end. Hope better of your Master's Fortune. If you knew me well you would not be diffident of my Success.

SHIFTWELL.

Here comes *Phillis*, Sir, I wish you could prevail on her Mistress to espouse my Cause with her.

SCENE IX.

Sir ARTHUR, PHILLIS, and SHIFTWELL.

PHILLIS.

Sir, my Mistress wants you.

Sir ARTHUR.

I fly, *Phillis*; but try to restore this Dog to his Senses; you have quite turn'd his Brain; he is mad with Love for you.

PHILLIS.

Why does he not make me his Confident?

SHIFTWELL.

Dear Mrs. *Phillis*, I love and adore you; now you know as much of the Matter as I do myself.

PHILLIS.

Take Heart, *Shiftwell*, there is no Love lost; now you know more than you did before, [To Sir Arthur.] Sir, I'll return and tell my Mistress that you're coming. Adieu, *Shiftwell*.

SHIFTWELL.

Adieu, dear Mrs. *Phillis*.

SHIFTWELL.

I see you're quite in the right, Sir, you bid fair for Success; if I was as sure of *Phillis* as you are of her Ladyship, I'd think myself an happy Man.

Sir ARTHUR.

Don't doubt of Success, since your Suit is connected with mine.

No adverse Fate could ever yet controul

The Enterprizes of a daring Soul;

Whilst timid Wretches to their Fears give way,

The bold still gain the Glory of the Day.

END of the First ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Sir WILLIAM and SPEED.

Sir WILLIAM.

COME hither, *Speed*, I have something
to say to you.

SPEED.

I wait your Commands, Sir?

Sir WILLIAM.

I see *Speed* that you are very assiduous in your
Courtship of *Phillis*.

SPEED.

I had need be assiduous, Sir, to win her, for she
shuns me of late.

Sir WILLIAM.

Tell me, *Speed*, would you rather serve me than
another?

SPEED.

Undoubtedly Sir; I am so much attach'd to
your Interest, Sir, that I would promote it to the
Prejudice of my own.

Sir WILLIAM.

If you prefer me to another Master, you must
think no more of *Phillis*.

SPEED.

But, Sir, this is a private Affair of mine, though
I pay my Court to Mrs. *Phillis*, I will not neg-
lect your Service upon that Account.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

No Matter, I forbid you to speak to *Pbillis*; 'tis my Pleasure that you quit her, break with her, do you understand me?

SPEED.

Your Honour's Will is very opposite to mine in this Respect, why don't we agree upon the Point now as we did Yesterday?

Sir WILLIAM.

Things have taken a new Turn since that Time; Lady *Changelove* might suspect me of watching her Motions, and employing you to engage *Pbillis* to discover them; so I desire you will have no farther Connexion with her, I will amply recompence the Sacrifice you make me.

SPEED.

Alas! Sir, the Sacrifice will do my Business before the Reward comes.

Sir WILLIAM.

Let me have no Demurs, Mrs. *Betty*, Lady *Manners's* Waiting-Maid is as good as *Pbillis*, and you shall have her.

SPEED.

If I was to have Lady *Manners* herself into the Bargain, I would not be satisfied.

Sir WILLIAM.

You must however chuse a Discharge, or Mrs. *Betty*.

SPEED.

I am greatly perplex'd in this Choice.

Sir WILLIAM.

If you do not follow my Orders, I'll turn you off this very Day, and 'tis only by following them you can make yourself regretted by *Pbillis*.

SPEED.

SPEED.

Regret me; there your Honour gives me some Hopes.

Sir WILLIAM.

Retire, I see Lady *Manners* coming.

SPEED.

I'll obey your Honour's Commands on Condition of being regretted by Mrs. *Phillis*.

Sir WILLIAM.

Be sure to observe a profound Secresy concerning these Orders which I give you, with Regard to *Phillis*; as you had my Consent to marry her, it would be treating Lady *Changelove* with great Disrespect, to appear to oppose the Match; all you have to say is, that you love Mrs. *Betty* better than Mrs. *Phillis*.

SPEED.

I shall take Care to observe your Honour's Commands with the utmost Exactness.

Sir WILLIAM.

Very well, retire.

[Exit. Speed.]

SCENE II. Lady MANNERS and Sir WILLIAM.

Lady MANNERS.

Have you given proper Instructions to your Servant, Sir *William*?

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, Madam.

Lady MANNERS.

This Artifice may be of some Service, it will picque Lady *Changelove* when she comes to hear of it.

Sir WILLIAM.

I have good Hopes, Madam, that we will be successful. Lady *Changelove* already seems very much surprized at my Manner of behaving to her: She was so sure of my Reproaches, that I have
seen

seen her upon the Point of asking me why I did not upbraid her.

Lady MANNERS.

Depend upon it you will see her weep with Anguish, if you act your Part well.

Sir WILLIAM.

But how does Sir *Arthur* behave?

Lady MANNERS.

Don't speak of him, let us unite our Endeavours to baffle him, and then let him act as he thinks proper. But I sent one of my Servants to know whether I could see Lady *Changelove*, and here he comes with her Answer. [*To the Footman*. Well, can I see your Mistress?

FOOTMAN.

Yes, Madam, she's coming.

Sir WILLIAM.

I'll leave you, Madam. [*Exit Sir William*

SCENE III. Lady MANNERS and Lady CHANGELOVE

Lady CHANGELOVE.

As your Ladyship has sent to desire a private Conversation with me, I suppose you have Business of Importance to impart.

Lady MANNERS.

I have but one Question to ask your Ladyship, and as you are naturally sincere, the Affair will be soon terminated.

Lady CHANGELOVE

I understand you, you think me insincere, but your Panegyrick exhorts me to Sincerity; is it not so?

Lady MANNERS.

Your Ladyship is in the right; but will you be sincere?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

In order to begin, I will own to you that I don't know whether I will or no.

Lady

Lady MANNERS.

If I was to ask you whether Sir *Arthur* loves you, would you tell me the Truth?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

No, Madam, I don't care to have any Difference with you, and you would hate me if I was to tell you the Truth.

Lady MANNERS.

I give you my Word and Honour that I will not.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

You are not able to keep your Word: I should myself dispence with your adhering to it: There are Emotions that are too strong for us.

Lady MANNERS.

But why should I hate you,

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Is it not said that Sir *Arthur* loves you?

Lady MANNERS.

Such a Report has been current.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

And perhaps you yourself gave Credit to that Report.

Lady MANNERS.

I own it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

And after that Confession, surely you would not advise me to tell you that he loves me.

Lady MANNERS.

Is that all? I should be glad to be rid of him; I wish sincerely that he was in love with you.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! if that be the Case, you may return Thanks to Heaven, your Vows could not be more favourably heard.

Lady MANNERS.

I assure you, I am very glad to hear it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

You make me uneasy; 'tis not but Sir *Arthur* is in the wrong, you are so amiable that no Body should have Eyes for another, but perhaps he was less attach'd to you than was generally thought.

Lady MANNERS.

No, he was greatly attach'd to me, but I excuse him; however amiable I may be, you are still more so; and you know better how to make Use of your Charms than any Body else.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I knew you would not keep your Word with me; however your Sarcasm does not displease me, it discovers your Jealousy, and that proves my Merit.

Lady MANNERS.

Does your Ladyship think I am jealous of you?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Sure you will not deny that a Compliment which ends by treating me as a Coquette, can proceed from nothing else; 'tis very easy to see it, Madam.

Lady MANNERS.

I don't know that I treated you as a Coquette, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

People often say such Things without knowing it.

Lady MANNERS.

But own the Truth, are not you a little jealous?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! yes to be sure; but don't deny yourself the Pleasure of saying I am excessively so; that will not prevent your being as jealous as I.

Lady

LOVE A-LA-MODE.

87

Lady MANNERS.

I do not however give the same Proofs of it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

We never shew it but when we are successful;
the Want of Success conceals much Coquetry.

Lady MANNERS.

I am sure of Success when ever I please; you'll
see that, Madam, and perhaps you would not have
Sir *Arthur*, if I had made any Account of his
Heart.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Such Discourse is always the last-Refuge of
disappointed Vanity.

Lady MANNERS.

What Wager will you lay that this Adventure
will not humble mine?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Do you hope to regain the Heart of Sir *Arthur*?
if you do, I cede him to you.

Lady MANNERS.

You love him, no Doubt.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Not much, but I'll endeavour to love him
more that he may resist you better. One has
Occasion to exert one's Power to the utmost a-
gainst such a Rival.

Lady MANNERS.

Oh! be under no Apprehensions; I give him
up to you.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Let's have no Difference about him; but let
her that wins his Heart forgive the other.

Lady MANNERS.

So it seems then you're sure of winning him.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I believe I should be a little too hard for you.

28 LOVE A-LA-MODE.

Lady MANNERS.

So you would give me Leave to win him if I could.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! take your Revenge; you have my Leave.

Lady MANNERS.

No, I have something better in View.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Indeed! may one presume to ask you what?

Lady MANNERS.

Sir *William Fainlove* is no despicable Conquest, Madam. Farewel.

SCENE IV.

Lady CHANGELOVE alone.

What does she think of depriving me of Sir *William's* Heart! the Woman is certainly mad; Jealousy has turn'd her Head, I really pity her.

SCENE V.

Lady CHANGELOVE and Sir WILLIAM.

[Sir William entering, pretends to take Lady Changelove for Lady Manners.]

What, Madam! will you always urge vain Scruples to me? I ask your Ladyship's Pardon, I really mistook you for Lady *Manners*.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

'Tis no great Matter, Sir *William*. But what is this Scruple you speak of?

Sir WILLIAM.

Madam, 'tis the Result of some Conversation which we had together.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

But upon what did this Scruple turn in the Conversation which you had together?

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

Madam, 'tis a Trifle not worth your Curiosity, I think she wanted to know what Place I held in your Affections.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I hope you had the Discretion not to inform her.

Sir WILLIAM.

Vanity is not one of my Foibles, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

No, but perhaps Sincerity may; and pray what did she mean by this Question?

Sir WILLIAM.

'Twas merely the Effect of Curiosity, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I don't know what to make of this scrupulous Curiosity.

Sir WILLIAM.

Perhaps, Madam, when I thought I met her I might have made Use of the Term Scruple, without knowing why.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

This is but an indifferent come off for a Man of your Understanding, Sir William, without knowing why! there must be some Mystery at the Bottom of this.

Sir WILLIAM.

I see, Madam, that 'tis in vain for me to attempt to convince you of the contrary.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Your Evasions are pitiful.

Sir WILLIAM.

What! does your Ladyship still dwell upon that Trifle?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I thought, Sir William, I had more Influence over your Heart.

Sir

SIR WILLIAM.

Madam, you will always have great Influence over it; but if your Influence is a little diminish'd, it is not my Fault; I'll leave you, however, least I should yield to the little that is left.

LADY CHANGELOVE.

I never knew Sir *William* behave to me in such a Manner before.

SCENE VI.

Lady CHANGELOVE and Sir ARTHUR.

SIR ARTHUR.

You seem thoughtful, Madam.

LADY CHANGELOVE.

I am, Sir *Arthur*; we were talking of Marriage, but I think we must defer it.

SIR ARTHUR.

Defer it, Madam!

LADY CHANGELOVE.

Yes, for about a Fortnight.

SIR ARTHUR.

Lord, Madam! why that's a whole Age; and what can be the Cause of this Delay?

LADY CHANGELOVE.

You shall know it another Time.

SIR ARTHUR.

This Uncertainty is enough to distract me; for God's sake, Madam, let me know the Reason.

LADY CHANGELOVE.

I would willingly defer it a few Days on Account of Sir *William* and Lady *Manners*; I see they are both under great Concern about it.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Lady CHANGELOVE, Lady MANNERS, and Sir ARTHUR.

Lady MANNERS.

Lady Changelove, I am inform'd that you defer your Marriage on my Account. I own the Obligation, but there is no Occasion for any Delay. Conclude it this very Day; I myself press you to it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Tell me the Truth, *Lady Manners*, did you and *Sir William* commence Lovers to oblige me?

Lady MANNERS.

I hope, Madam, you have Reason to be pleas'd at it. *[Exit Lady Manners.]*

SCENE VIII.

Lady CHANGELOVE and Sir ARTHUR.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Ha! ha! ha! she can't stand it; the Raillery is too strong for her. How Vanity makes Women play the strangest Parts! *Lady Manners* counterfeits Satisfaction at the same Time that she is ready to burst with Jealousy.

Sir ARTHUR.

Her Heart palpitates, I see that.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

A Thought comes into my Head; these little Tricks of *Lady Manners* deserve to be punish'd. I'd be glad to see whether *Sir William*, who loves her to such a Degree, will be insensible to what I intend to do. If he speaks the Truth he must be so, and I wish he may; I have devised an infallible Method to know the real Truth. I have nothing to do but order *Phillis* to marry *Shiftwell*;

well; she was intended for *Speed*, Sir *William's* Valet, and we were agreed about the Match. If Sir *William* makes no Objection to this, Lady *Manners* has represented Things as they really are, and I am the more at Liberty.

SCENE IX.

Sir *WILLIAM*, Sir *ARTHUR*, and Lady *CHANGELOVE*.

Lady *CHANGELOVE*.

Come hither, Sir *William*, and let us talk a little of Lady *Manners*.

Sir *WILLIAM*.

With all my Heart, Madam.

Lady *CHANGELOVE*.
Then pray tell me what she is now meditating.

Sir *WILLIAM*.

What has she done? I can't think there is any Thing amiss in her Proceedings.

Lady *CHANGELOVE*.

I'll soon make that appear evidently to you, Sir *William*.

Sir *WILLIAM*.

You know her Prudence, Madam.

Lady *CHANGELOVE*.

You're an unceasing Panegyrist, Sir *William*. You must know then, Sir, that this Lady whom you praise so much, being jealous of me because Sir *Arthur* has quitted her, in order to attack me, has Recourse to little Artifices which are by no Means worthy of so incomparable a Lady as you represent her, and does not think it below her to engage a Valet to quit a Chamber-maid, to whom he had made a Promise of Marriage, and this because she knows we intend to marry them, and because I interest myself in the Match. In her Resentment she makes Use of Mrs. *Betty* to prevent

vent it, and what surprizes me most is, to see that you yourself second her in this Design.

Sir WILLIAM. And do you imagine, Madam, that Lady *Manners* ever once thought that this would offend you? or could you think that I could believe you interested yourself any longer in the Match? No, Madam, *Speed* complain'd of the Infidelity of *Phillis*; a Master sometimes can't help taking Part in the Misfortune of an honest Servant; and Lady *Manners*, in order to indemnify him, was so good as to offer him her Woman, Mrs. *Betty*; he very thankfully accepted her, and that's all, Madam.

Sir ARTHUR.

This Answer convinces me, I believe they neither had any malicious Purpose.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Hold a Moment, Sir *Arthur*, don't give us your Opinion 'till you are ask'd it. Sir *William*, let me hear no more of this Love-Affair, for it displeases me. I flatter myself that this is saying enough.

Sir WILLIAM.

Hold, Madam, let us call somebody, perhaps my Servant is there. Hallo, *Speed*.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

What's your Design?

Sir WILLIAM.

Lady *Manners* is not far off, send to beg the Favour of her to come hither, and you may speak to her yourself.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lady *Manners*! what Business have I with her? Is there any Occasion for your consulting her upon this Subject? I speak to you; I tell you 'tis my Pleasure that this Match should not go forward.

From Sir WILLIAM.

But, Madam, I can come to no Resolution without her: Could any Thing be more improper than to force my Servant to refuse a Favour which she granted him, and which he accepted. I can't think of behaving to her in such a Manner.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

What! Sir, do you hesitate between Lady *Manners* and me? Think of what you are about.

Sir WILLIAM.

I have determin'd after mature Deliberation.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

In that Case we have nothing farther to say to each other. Sir *Arthur*, give me your Hand.

Sir ARTHUR.

Take it, Madam, and keep it forever.

Sir WILLIAM.

However, Madam, I had one Thing to ask you, if you would be so good as to inform me.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lord! Sir *William*, I don't know what to say.

Sir WILLIAM.

As you intend to marry Sir *Arthur*, Madam, I would be glad to know when we shall have the Pleasure of seeing you united.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Perhaps, Sir, you may have that Pleasure this very Evening.

Sir ARTHUR.

Dear Lady *Changelove*! Nothing can equal my Transport.

Sir WILLIAM.

Sir *Arthur*, give me Leave to felicitate you upon your Happiness; I do it with the utmost Sincerity, you may be assured.

Lady CHANGELOVE aside.

The unworthy Wretch!

Sir WILLIAM aside.

She blushes!

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Is that all you have to say, Sir William?

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Come, let's go.

SCENE X.

Lady CHANGELOVE, Lady MANNERS, Sir WILLIAM, Sir ARTHUR, and SPEED.

Lady MANNERS.

Lady *Changelove*, I understand that I have offended you, and I come to ask Pardon for the Fault which I committed innocently, and in order to make you Satisfaction, I have brought Sir William's Servant with me. *Speed*, When I promis'd you *Betty* I did not know that her Ladyship would take Offence at it, and now I must tell you that you should not reckon upon it any longer.

SPEED.
Then I acquit your Ladyship of the Obligation.

Lady CHANGELOVE to Sir WILLIAM.

Send away your Servant; and now, Madam, I myself solicit you to keep your Promise with her; I shall even defray the Charges of their Wedding.

Sir WILLIAM to *SPEED*.

Go your Ways.

Lady MANNERS.

Are we good Friends now, Lady *Changelove*?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! the best in the World.

Sir WILLIAM.

Lady *Manners*, I must inform you of one Thing; and that is, that Lady *Changelove* and Sir *Arthur* will be married this Evening in all likelihood.

Lady MANNERS.

Indeed!

Sir ARTHUR.

The Evening is still far off.

Sir WILLIAM.

Impatience is very proper upon such an Occasion. But as Lady *Changelove* and Sir *Arthur* are so near such Happiness, let us leave them to themselves, and consider what we have to do on our Part.

Lady MANNERS.

Lady *Changelove*, let me embrace you before we part. Sir *Arthur*, farewell. I Compliment you upon your good Fortune.

SCENE XI.

Lady CHANGELOVE and Sir ARTHUR.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I see you are much regretted, Sir *Arthur*; Lady *Manners* sets a high Price upon your Heart.

Sir ARTHUR.

Oh! I can dispence with that, when I think of this Evening.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! this is too much!

Sir ARTHUR.

What! do you change your Mind?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Why I waver a little.

SPARTAN.

What do you intend?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

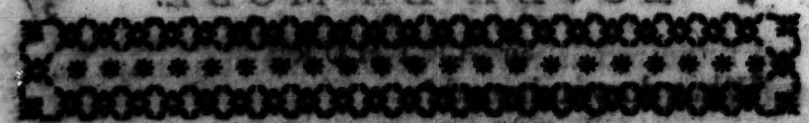
I have formed a Design in which you must assist me; I'll let you into it just now. Don't be under any Apprehensions, I am going to meditate upon it. Farewel, don't follow me. [*She goes out and returns.*] 'Tis even proper that you should not see me immediately. I'll give you Notice when ever I have Occasion for you.

SIR ARTHUR.

I am thunderstruck, I see my Favour is upon the Decline. Lady Changelove puts me in Mind of what Hamlet says, *Fragility, thy Name is Woman.*

END of the Second ACT.

ACT



I have formed a Design in which you must assist me; I'll not think now. Don't be under any apprehensions, I am going to me-
ditate upon it. I'll not think now. Don't be under any apprehensions, I am going to me-
ditate upon it. I'll not think now. Don't be under any apprehensions, I am going to me-
ditate upon it.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Sir ARTHUR, PHILLIS, and SHIFTWELL.

Sir ARTHUR.

FOR God's sake, Mrs. *Phillis*, intreat
Lady *Changalove* to let me see her a Mo-
ment.

PHILLIS.

I can't speak to her, Sir; she is not stirring.

Sir ARTHUR.

Not stirring at this Time of Day!

SHIFTWELL.

Sir, I am just come from the Terrace, and I
saw her walking in the Balcony.

PHILLIS.

What signifies that; every one has a peculiar
Way of stirring and not stirring; pray, Sir, what
is your Method?

Sir ARTHUR.

It seems you rally me, Mrs. *Phillis*.

SHIFTWELL.

I vow, Sir, I think so too.

PHILLIS.

Not at all, Sir, the Question is very proper,
and I proposed it to you upon mature Delibera-
tion.

Sir ARTHUR.

I even suspect, Mrs. *Phillis*, that you are not
in my Interest.

SHIFTWELL.

SHIFTWELL.

I suspected it myself before, Sir, but now I am sure of it.

PHILLIS.

Mr. *Shiftwell*, I admire your Penetration.

Sir ARTHUR.

'Tis just as I said; Lord why should I with well to you whilst you are my Enemy? why should my Disposition be so friendly with regard to you, whilst you refuse me a Return? Why do our Sentiments thus differ?

PHILLIS.

I protest I can't say; I suppose 'tis because Variety has Charms.

SHIFTWELL.

I suppose you love Variety with regard to me likewise.

PHILLIS.

Yes, if you love me still, if not I am for Uniformity.

Sir ARTHUR.

Deal honestly, confess you don't do me good Offices with your Mistress.

PHILLIS.

To tell you the Truth, Sir *Arthur*, I don't espouse your Cause with Zeal.

Sir ARTHUR.

You endeavour then to lessen me in her Esteem.

PHILLIS.

I do, to the utmost of my Power, for I would not have her love you; I own it, I never deceive any Body.

SHIFTWELL.

This is plain dealing at least.

Sir ARTHUR.

Come, come, Mrs. *Phillis*, let us be Friends.

PHIL-

PHILLIS.

No, Sir *Arthur*, rather follow my Example and hate me in your Turn.

Sir ARTHUR.

I am determin'd you shall be my Friend, I have resolv'd to make you so, and I am sure of Success.

PHILLIS.

You'll find it very difficult to keep your Word with yourself.

SHIFTWELL.

Your Honour should consider that there are Enmities which never cease without paying for it.

Sir ARTHUR.

Mrs. *Phillis*, I'd be glad to know what Sum you Rate your Friendship at.

PHILLIS.

I'd have you to know, Sir *Arthur*, that I don't set my Friendship to sale to be disposed of to the best Bidder. I am not mercenary.

[*Sir Arthur Offers her his Purse.*]

PHILLIS.

Sir *Arthur*, I won't take your Money; it would be robbing you, as I am determin'd not to serve you.

Sir ARTHUR.

Come take it, Mrs. *Phillis*, and only tell me how your Mistress stands affected.

PHILLIS.

No, Sir *Arthur*, I'll only tell you how I would have her stand affected. Are you desirous to know that?

SHIFTWELL.

You have already told us that ten times over, Mrs. *Phillis*.

Sir ARTHUR.

Has not she form'd some new Design?

PHILLIS.

Lord! who does not form new Designs? People are always forming new Designs. For Example,

ample, I have just form'd a Design of leaving you.

Sir ARTHUR.

Come, let's go, *Skiffwell*, I find my Passion beginning to rise.

SCENE II.

Sir WILLIAM and Lady MANNERS.

Lady MANNERS.

I'm inform'd, Lady *Changelove* has sent for you.

Sir WILLIAM.

She has, you see what an Agitation she is in.

Lady MANNERS.

And you are no Doubt impatient to yield to her.

Sir WILLIAM.

Lord! Madam, can I be cruel to her I love?

Lady MANNERS.

We are very near carrying our Point, but we shall certainly fail if you be too hasty. Don't impose upon yourself, the Steps Lady *Changelove* has hitherto taken are far from being decisive; 'tis by no Means certain that they proceed from her Love; she may very probably be rather jealous at seeing me prefer'd, than desirous of recovering your Heart; she perhaps would be glad to triumph over us both, and then laugh at us. We have taken all proper Measures, let us persist till the Settlement, as we have already resolv'd; 'tis that Moment that will shew whether she loves you or not. Love has Symptoms peculiar to itself, and so has Pride; Love mourns its Loss, Pride despises what is deny'd it: let's wait till she sighs at losing you, or scorns you for forsaking her; persevere to this Proof, for the Interest of your love. Mrs. *Phillis* is come, by Lady *Changelove's*

42 LOVE A-LA-MODE.

Orders, to speak with you, dispatch her as soon as possible, and then come to me again.

Sir WILLIAM.

I tremble at the Thoughts of carrying Things so far, however, your Advice is reasonable and I shall follow it.

Lady MANNERS.

I myself act a Part which is by no Means agreeable, and which will be still less so at the Conclusion; for I must endeavour to make up for the little Resolution which you discover. But what will not a Woman do for the sake of Revenge!

*A Woman still enjoys sincere Delight
When she in Love succeeds, or wreaks her Spight.*

SCENE III. and Last.

Lady MANNERS, Sir WILLIAM, Lady CHANGE-
LOVE, Sir ARTHUR, SHIFTWELL, and SPEED.

Lady MANNERS.

Lady Changelove, I see nothing preparatory to your Marriage with Sir Arthur! When does your Ladyship intend to compleat his Happiness?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Whenever you think proper Madam; 'tis from you I ask it; his Happiness is at your Direction, you are the Arbiter of his Fate.

Lady MANNERS.

I, Madam, if you would be directed by me, you would marry him this very Evening, and our Marriage shall be celebrated at the same Time with yours.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Your Marriage! with whom, Madam? is there any Body come to marry you?

Lady

Lady MANNERS.

He does not come from far, for there he is.

[*Shewing Sir William.*]

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, Madam, Lady *Manners* honours me with her Hand, and as we happen to be at your House, we ask it as a Favour that you would let the Marriage be celebrated in it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

No, Sir *William*, tho' tis doing me a great Honour, I have Reason to think that Heaven reserves you for another Fate.

Sir ARTHUR.

Things have taken a Turn entirely new, I am again to fall to Lady *Manners's* Lot, and Lady *Changelove* to Sir *Williams*.

Lady MANNERS.

No, no, Things shall continue in their present State.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Give me Leave to speak, Madam, I desire to be heard, I must now come to an Eclaircissement. Sir *Arthur*, 'tis proper to undeceive you, you imagin'd I lov'd you, and indeed the Manner in which I receiv'd you, might make you think I did: But you were impos'd upon by that Reception, I was not in Earnest: My Love for Sir *William* continued the same, and if I counterfeited a Liking for you, it was only to make Trial of the Sincerity of his Passion: You have bestow'd your Heart upon me in vain; you Love me, and I am sorry for it; but your Passion promoted my Design. Lady *Manners*, you have some Reason to complain of Sir *Arthur*; he has been guilty of some Inconstancy towards you, I must confess, but his Fault is excusable; and I do not derive any Va-

nity from having depriv'd you of him for a Time; he did not yield to my Charms, but to my Address. As for you, Sir *William*, you have but ill requited me for being solicitous to put your Love to the Prob. The Delicacy of Sentiment, which was my Motive; should not have been so hardly interpreted; but perhaps your Proceeding is more the Effect of Resentment than want of Affection: I, indeed, carried Things a little too far, and perhaps that impos'd upon you; I don't care to be too secure in my Judgment of you, I shut my Eyes to your Conduct, and grant you a free Pardon.

Lady MANNERS.

Ha! ha! ha! If you'd be advis'd by me, Madam, you'd carry your Generosity a little farther, and forgive Sir *William* the Marriage which is going to unite us.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Sir *William*, you lose me for ever if you hesitate a Moment.

Sir ARTHUR.

I beg to be heard in my Turn, I have lost Lady *Manners*, and it would be unreasonable in me to complain. In a Word, I was false, I own it, but I am sincere, and I boast of it. I might, if I pleas'd, make Reprisals, and tell Lady *Change-love*, that my Passion for her was counterfeited, but I scorn such Artifices. However, I must now explain myself; I lov'd Lady *Change-love*, but I adored Lady *Manners*. Sir *William*, Lady *Change-love* restores you her Affections; possess her, and thank Heaven for having given you the most amiable of Women; you have won her; in losing her I suffer the most immense of Losses; and, to conclude, I am the most ungrateful,

ful, the most false, and the weakest Man upon Earth.

Lady M A N N E R S.

I shall add nothing to what Sir *Arthur* has said, he has done himself Justice.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

I have sufficiently explain'd myself, Sir *William*.

Lady M A N N E R S.

Sir *William* and I Love one another in good Earnest, there is now no Remedy for it, Lady *Changelove*; and surely two forsaken Lovers have a Right to repair their Loss elsewhere: Endeavour both to forget us, you know how to do it, and you will find it easier now than before. [*To the Notary.*] Come hither, Sir, here is the Contract which we are to sign. Undoubtedly, Sir *William*, Lady *Changelove* will be so good as to witness it.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

What are Things so far advanced!

Lady M A N N E R S.

You see they are, Madam.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

I speak to Sir *William*, Madam.

Sir W I L L I A M.

To me, Madam.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

Is this your Contract with Lady *Manners*?

Sir W I L L I A M.

Yes, Madam.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

I could never have thought it!

Lady M A N N E R S.

We flatter ourselves that your Marriage will be celebrated with ours. Sir *Arthur*, won't you witness our Contract too.

Sir

Sir ARTHUR.
I have forgot how to write. [*Lady Manners to the Notary*] Give her Ladyship the Pen.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Give me the Pen, Sir. [*She signs the Contract precipitately, and throws away the Pen.*] Perfidious Man! [*She swoons away in the Arms of Phillis. Sir William throwing himself at her Feet.*] My dear Lady Changelove!

Lady MANNERS.

Sir William, the Farce is at an End, you see you are the favour'd Lover.

SPEED.

This is a happy Conclusion, Mrs. Phillis.

PHILLIS.

I am perfectly satisfied with it. [*Lady Changelove coming to herself.*] What! Sir William at my Feet!

Sir WILLIAM.
And more in love than ever.

Lady CHANGELOVE.
Rise then, you love me still, Sir William.

Sir WILLIAM.
Dear Madam, I never ceas'd to love you.

Lady CHANGELOVE.
But what says Lady Manners to this?

Sir WILLIAM.
'Tis to Lady Manners I owe the Recovery of your Heart, this is a Stratagem of hers.

Lady CHANGELOVE.
I revive; Lord how much Grief have you occasioned me! how could you counterfeit so long!

Sir WILLIAM.
'Twas Love alone that gave me Power to feign;
I hop'd to recover your Affections.

Lady

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Where is Lady *Manners*? Let me embrace her. [*Lady Manners comes up and embraces Lady Changelove.*] Are we good Friends now, Madam?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

To you I am obliged for all my Happiness. [*Sir William kisses Lady Changelove's Hand.*]

Lady MANNERS.

As for you, Sir *Arthur*, I advise you to pay your Addresses elsewhere; it does not seem probable that any Body present will accept your Hand.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I must prevail upon you to forgive him, Madam, otherwise our Joy would not be compleat.

Lady MANNERS.

I allow him half a Year to make Atonement.

Sir ARTHUR.

I only desired to have a Term allotted, 'tis my Business to avail myself of it.

Sir WILLIAM.

*To try the Lover is a dangerous Part,
They often loose who trifle with a Heart;
Ladies, in Love-Affairs no Mode pursue,
But chuse one Lover and to him be true.*

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

HOW could our Poet treat this threadbare Passion!
 Love A-la-Mode; why Loves quite out of Fashion.
 One Thing indeed extenuates his Guilt,
 He draws the Picture of an arrant Filth;
 His Men and Women both use fraudulent Art,
 With Care conceal the Passions of their Heart,
 And counterfeit the ardent Lover's Part.
 Since such the Plan, the Piece will surely please,
 The Ladies hence will learn to change with Ease.
 The Men will learn in spight of Female Charms,
 To turn against the Fair their dangerous Arms;
 Yet least our Piece to grave Men give Offence,
 To wit we do not sacrifice good Sense.
 Critics must own a useful Moral reigns
 Thro' the whole Tenour of our Comic Scenes:
 That we obey poetic Justice Laws,
 And still are faithful to fair Virtue's Cause.
 No Breach of Modesty herein is shewn;
 Now Poets praise themselves, but praise alone.
 And sure what by the Public is deny'd,
 May well be by the Bards Self-love supplied.

